

ABRADATES

AND

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PANTHEA.

T A L E,
This first public Essay of the AUTHOR
Extracted from XENOPHON.

By WILLIAM WITHER BEACH, Esq;
Of NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt;
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo, VIRG.

Τὸ μίμητι περὶ τῶν Αβραδάτων καὶ τῆς Πανθίας πᾶς ἡδὺς ἐν καὶ παρὸς πολλὰς ἔχει
τὰς ἡδυαλὰς μυθικὰς πλατύνει.
HERMOGEN. l. 2. de form Orat.

SALISBURY:

Printed by B. COLLINS, for JAMES FLETCHER, Bookseller,
in St. Paul's Church-Yard, London.

MDCCLXV.

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AND

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Extracted from XENOPHON.

39.

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Fortunae ambo
Nulla dies iniqua
Vires

The Latin text of the inscription is: 'Fortunae ambo, Nulla dies iniqua, Vires'.

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THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Lord BRUCE

This first public Essay of the AUTHOR

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBLIGED

AND

MOST OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT,

W. W. BEACH.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

The Lord B R U C E

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TO THE
READER.

THE following Tale is extracted from the
Greek of Xenophon in his celebrated work
of the *Cyropædia*, or institution of *Cyrus*. The
several members of it, as they lay there dispersed,
were collected and formed into this regular piece.
The noble simplicity and purity of language in
the original is such, that the Author judged it
folly to attempt a translation of it in prose, and
concluded that a poetical imitation only could do
it tolerable justice. His minority will bespeak the
indulgence of the reader ; tho' neither himself nor
friends would presume to obtrude upon the world:

what

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what they deemed unworthy the perusal of the public. And indeed so striking are the beauties of this delightful story, as told by the illustrious *Athenian*, and so well calculated for the encouragement of virtue in both sexes, that he can fear no censure for having endeavoured to make it generally useful and entertaining.



ABRADATES and PANTHEA.

A

T **A** **L** **E**

“ **T**HE raptur’d gazer shall behold no more,

“ Nor e’er a form so lovely view’d before ;

“ From all her aspect, joys immortal rise,

“ Bloom on her cheeks and revel in her eyes ;

“ O *Cyrus*, see this prodigy, and own

“ Thy conquests poor, compar’d with this alone”

Araspes thus reveal’d the flame that burn’d

Within his breast, and *Cyrus* thus return’d,

B

“ Thy

" Thy glowing speech an ardent passion proves,
 " *Araspes* has already seen and loves : 10
 " But know that *Cyrus* will not tempt his pains,
 " Nor trust a weakness which his soul disdains ;
 " To gain her love exert thy utmost skill,
 " But, O ! forbear to violate the will ;
 " Our good intentions give our arms success, 15
 " For heav'n we fight, and conquer but to bless.

Distress'd *Panthea* ! whom the fates now save
 From death, to mourn a captive and a slave !
 The *Victor* yet thy beauteous form to view
 Declines, and fears to be a captive too. 20

Araspes, licens'd, urges now the fair
 From day to day with most assid'ous care ;
 Now sighs submissive, now with phrenzy burns,
 A suppliant sues, and menaces by turns ;
 Bids her to mark the diff'rence, where the flow'r 25
 Free-op'ning to the sun embalms the bow'r ;
 And where, while shrunk and joyless in the shade,
 'Tis rudely pluck'd and in dishonour laid.
 Alarm'd,

Alarm'd, to *Cyrus* all her fears she sends,
 And to his faith her spotless fame commends. 30
 The youthful *Hero* cou'd with pleasure view
 Virtue's bright sun-shine gild affliction through;
Panthea's rare fidelity ador'd,
 But much the frailty of his friend deplor'd.
 "O fall'n *Araspes*! (said the godlike youth) 35
 "Stain not this mirror of unfailing truth;
 "Let not thy passions thus thy soul enslave,
 "Recall thy manhood, for thou once wast brave;
 "Hie thee to *Cræsus*, all our force reveal,
 "And join his councils with pretended zeal; 40
 "By absence and the pow'r of reason's laws
 "Regain thy peace, and serve the common cause."

He bow'd assent: and now through all the host,
 Ran the vain rumour of *Araspes* lost,
 Deserting to the proud *Affyrian's* will 45
 Through fear of pain and consciousness of ill.

With joy it fill'd the fair *Panthea's* breast,
 Whose lines the *Perfian Hero* thus address'd,

" Mourn

" Mourn not this wretch abandon'd and accurs'd;
 " Who fell from *Cyrus*, fell from virtue first; 50
 " Grant me to summon my lov'd lord in haste,
 " The lost *Araspes* shall be well replac'd,
 " And *Cyrus* shall in *Abradates* find,
 " A sacred friendship and a grateful mind.
 " Nor thou suppose the quick transition strange, 55
 " Or charge to lightness this important change:
 " 'Tis injury that stirs; the pointed sting
 " Wounds from the lust of this *Assyrian* king,
 " Whose tyrant passions instigate his aim
 " To cloud the lustre of our hallow'd flame. 60
 " Nor shall he greet thee with professions vain,
 " Or join thy party with an useless train."

----He came, and warlike squadrons mark'd his way,
 Two thousand gallant steeds around him neigh:
 Whom *Cyrus* worth his warmest friendship deem'd, 65
 Rank'd in the number of his most esteem'd.

But with what mutual joys their bosoms bu'n'd,
 When his *Panthea* view'd him thus return'd;

Entranc'd in ardent and enraptur'd love,
 When their hearts leap'd and words for utterance strove, 70
 No muse can paint, no language can reveal,
 And lovers only after absence feel,
 When to each other all their souls they pour,
 And with the past compare the present hour.

And now *Panthea* to her lord imparts 75
 The chaste demeanour and the virtuous arts
 Of youthful *Cyrus*; forward to disclose,
 How much her honour to his goodness owes;
 Without whose fears divinely thus appeas'd,
 Not *Abradates*-self, nor life, had pleas'd. 80
 "How then (said he) shall we pay back again
 "The gifts which bind us to this man of men?"
 "One only way (she cry'd) obtains that end;
 "To hazard all for this illustrious friend." ---

Next, to the grand pavilion he repairs, 85
 And finds the *Persian Hero* fill'd with cares,
 Whose hand engagingly he seiz'd, and said,
 "Here be my thanks, my heart's best off'ring, paid,

" And here I vow whate'er was done by man,

" Or friend, or servant and assistant, can." 90

" Then, as my friend, thrice welcome to my breast,

(Said *Cyrus*) while his eyes his joy confess'd,

" Next to thy love be thy affection mine ;

" My hand, my heart, and this pavilion thine." ---

The *Persian's* aim, as now his numbers fail, 95

Was, by superior reason to prevail,

By art an easy victory to gain,

And with arm'd chariots sweep the fatal plain.

New the design, and while the scheme they try'd

In all, with *Cyrus Abradates* vy'd : 100

Beneath his eye an hundred chariots rose,

Which threaten'd dire perdition to his foes :

These he wou'd lead in his distinguish'd car,

Companion and example of the war :

Four poles extended from the gay machine, 105

And twice four sprightly steeds annex'd were seen.

Mean time *Panthea*, from the nuptial vow

Careful, in all that prudence wou'd allow,

En-

Endearing yet and elegant in all
 For which her careful prudence gave the call, 110
 A curious plate devis'd to shield his breast,
 And, to protect his head, a glittering crest
 Of burnish'd gold, with glowing gold design'd
 His nervous arms in circling plates to bind.

And now came on the fatal day, that must 115
 Shew proud *Assyria* humbled in the dust;
 Before his tent the sumptuous chariot stands,
 And silent numbers wait his high commands.
 The precious helmet then *Panthea* drew,
 And the rich breast-and-arm-plates to his view; 120
 These with officious hand she fasten'd round,
 And his strong wrists with brilliant bracelets bound:
 This done, o'er all his limbs a purple vest,
 Ensign of regal dignity, she cast;
 Then on his breast in am'rous anguish hung:--- 125
 Amaz'd he saw, and silence ty'd his tongue;
 For quite in secret had the cunning fair
 Design'd and measur'd all with nicest care:

At

At length---“ What has my jewel done to-day? 130

“ Despoil'd herself to trick me out so gay? 131

“ Not so, (*Panthea* said) not so, my love; 132

“ For you my noblest ornament shall prove; 133

“ While to the world, as to myself, you shine 134

“ The brightest gem, that e'er enrich'd the mine.” 135

She strove her fears to hide, while thus she speaks, 136

Yet tears of love bedew'd her beauteous cheeks 137

The royal *Abradates*, ever bless'd 138

With lib'ral aspect, far outshone the rest; 139

And now made ready, with her praise well pleas'd, 140

To ascend the chariot, and the reins he seiz'd; 141

When fair *Panthea* bad the rest retire, 142

And thus bespoke the lord of her desire; 143

“ Since for a time we are ordain'd to part, 144

“ Lord of my life, dear sovereign of my heart! 145

“ Tell me, to thy experience I appeal, 146

“ What I for thee, did ever woman feel 147

“ For man before? But thus why need I press 148

“ What all the actions of my life confess? 149

“ Yet

" Yet dear to ev'ry conscious thought within,
 " Dear as thou art, and evermore hast been, 150
 " Yet wou'd I chuse, with thee still honour'd, brave,
 " To reach the dreary mansions of the grave
 " Rather inhum'd alive, than share thy throne,
 " Thy state and bed, with fame and honour gone.
 " So have I truly judg'd myself and thee 155
 " Worthy of highest note and dignity !
 " Remember what we owe to *Cyrus* too,
 " Who, when a captive first I fear'd his view,
 " Sav'd me for thee, tho' for himself reserv'd,
 " Nor from the rules of strictest virtue swerv'd. 160
 " Remember too the promise made him since,
 " When first *Araspes* left this godlike prince,
 " That you with better faith shou'd wait his will,
 " Share all his fortunes and attend him still."

He heard with high delight, and on her head 165
 Impos'd his hand and thus with fervour pray'd ;

" ALMIGHTY JOVE ! O grant me still to prove
 " A consort worthy of the fair I love,

“ Nor *Cyrus*’ friendship ever to forego,
 “ Through whom, from thee, such virtuous honours
 flow !” 170

Then mounts the splendid car with action light,
 And in a moment was inclos’d from sight,
 The chariot now, which all her with conceal’d,
 She kiss’d, and gently follow’d as it wheel’d:

He turn’d and saw,—his words her grief renew, 175
 “ Adieu, *Panthea*, sweetest love, adieu !”

Then, by her nymphs surrounded, she retir’d,
 By all regretted, as by all admir’d.

For tho’ her gallant confort still was seen
 Of noblest presence and engaging mien; 180

His vehicle tho’ glorious to behold;
 Himself attir’d in purple, gems, and gold;

Unheeded yet he pass’d while she was nigh,
Panthea’s charms attracted ev’ry eye.

The *Perſian*, as he view’d the front of war, 185

Now turn’d his ſteed, advancing to the car;

Him he obſerv’d and with obſequious haſte

Diſcended, whom the *Hero* thus addreſs’d.

" Of all th' assistants that around me stand,
 " Heav'n has adjudg'd you worthiest of command, 190
 " O *Abradates*; yet keep this in mind,
 " That *Persia's* dreaded sons march close behind;
 " The sons of *Persia* ever take their turns,
 " Their friends supporting, when the battle burns. 195

To whom the chief; " O prince, I see success 195
 " Our close-embod'd front portends no less;
 " Of due support our flanks are most debarr'd
 " Which only chariots, thinly scatter'd, guard:
 " Hence, had you not assign'd to me this place,
 " The post of honour in the battle's face, 200
 " I should have blush'd to see myself secure,
 " While these the burthen of the fight endure."

" Illustrious chief, *Cambyfes'* son reply'd,
 " Approv'd in council and in friendship try'd,
 " Those numerous squadrons, now that give thee pain, 205
 " Shall seek to charge our weaker flanks in vain;
 " Or e'er a sword can strike, or jav'lin fall,
 " Thou shalt behold them turn'd and flying all.

" Be

" Be this thy signal then, whene'er thine eye
 " Shall, pleas'd, behold those numerous squadrons fly; 210
 " Then, then, and not till then, thy reins let go,
 " And pour impetuous on the frightened foe;
 " Meantime, e'er yet the low'ring fronts engage
 " And the hosts clash with undiscerning rage,
 " Exhort our friends with coward foes to cope, 215
 " Inspire with courage, and sustain with hope."

Sage was his judgment; for on either flank,
 Before the chariots, camels stood in rank,
 Noisome to horses, at whose fætid smell
 They rear'd and into strange disorder fell; 220
 Then quickly turning from th' offensive fight,
 Confus'd they fled and horror wing'd their flight,
 While breast of man and beast a panic feels,
 As the scyth'd chariots thunder at their heels.

This *Abradates* seeing, call'd aloud, 225
 " Follow your leader," to th' attending crowd,
 Which said, and plying hard the galling thong,
 With dire impetuosity among

The

The adverse host he drove: on either side
 His friends with equal pace their chariots guide. 230
 Th' *Assyrian* cars perceiv'd th' unequal fray,
 And, op'ning wide, wheel'd suddenly away:
 What durst abide the *Sufian Hero* crush'd,
 Then furious on th' *Egyptian Phalanx* rush'd;
 As these, expert, in close *Battalia* stood, 235
 The din tremendous and the shock was rude;
 With clanging arms in heaps on heaps they fall;
 Unutterable tumult covers all:
 Here, as the wheels rose bounding o'er the dead,
 Thrown from his car th' illustrious Chieftain bled. 240
 As when the *Bird of Jove* with piercing eyes
 Some serpent from his tow'ring height espies,
 He darts upon the foe with rapid wing,
 And bears aloft---yet feels the pointed sting;
 Thus, as he conquers, panting beats the plain, 245
 And bleeding falls triumphant on the slain.

This conquest gain'd, his chiefs around him meet,
 And in high strains the *Persian Victor* greet:

"But where is *Abradates*? Where my friend?"

Nor, till he knows, his warm enquiries end: 250

At length, in speech adapted to deplore,

'Twas answer'd, "*Abradates* is no more;

"Glorious he dy'd; his melancholy queen

"Now sits upon the ground (affecting scened)

"Close to the cold and pallid corse, 'tis said, 255

"And on her knees supports the bloodless head."

With clanging arms in heaps on heaps they fall

Great *Cyrus*, as he vents a mournful cry,

With grief transported, smote upon his thigh;

Then hasted to the spot, where on the ground

The weeping fair and his dead friend he found: 260

Oppressive griefs his tortur'd bosom fill'd,

And from his eyes unceasing tears distill'd;

These words at length he utter'd with a groan,

"Thou brave and faithful spirit! art thou flown?"

"Why hast thou left us?" Then with pitying look 265

The death-cold hand of *Abradates* took;—

The hand, which erst was sever'd from its arm,

Obsequious follow'd---and the loud alarm

Of lamentation from the fair-one broke,

Who kissing first, replac'd the hand, and spoke, 270

" Ah, much-lov'd hand! not singly thus thou art!

" Alike dishonour'd ev'ry graceful part!

" And this, O virtuous *Cyrus*, was for thee;

" Nor less I deem, (unthinking wretch!) for me;

" Fool that I was! Who spur'd him on to fame, 275

" To shine the friend of *Cyrus*; envy'd name!

" Unblam'd he fell, (pursu'd the weeping fair)

" While I, the cause, here breathe the vital air!"

The speech of *Cyrus* for a time was ty'd;

He wept in silence, and at length reply'd, 280

" Glorious he fell, and on his favour'd head

" Conquest and fame their purest lustre shed.

" Rich presents shall his sepulchre adorn;

" Nor they, th' illustrious dead, such honours scorn;

" That sepulchre magnificent shall rise, 285

" And victims bleed to grace his obsequies.

" Nor you, in whom distinguish'd merits shine,

" And modest charms with conscious worth combine,

" Shall

" Shall unprotected live; so *Jove* defend

" Our cause, and victory our arms attend! 290

" Say but to whom, or whither, you retire,

" Our pow'r and wealth shall crown each known desire."

" Thanks! said *Panthea*; *Cyrus* soon shall know

" To whom I hope, and chiefly wish, to go."

The prince withdrew; and mourn'd the hapless fate 295

Of such a wife, depriv'd of such a mate!

Nor was he well aware to whom she meant,

And chiefly wish'd with ardour, to be sent;

For with the *ponyrd* now she pierc'd her breast,

And on her lord's lov'd bosom sunk to rest.

Rest ever happy then, transcendent pair,

Bravest of youths, and loveliest of the fair!

While here your names a precious balm diffuse,

Inwoven with the laurels of the Muse.

F I N I S.

